

Our Fourfooted Friends

and How We Treat Them

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Published Monthly

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, New Hampshire

Editorial Office, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Massachusetts

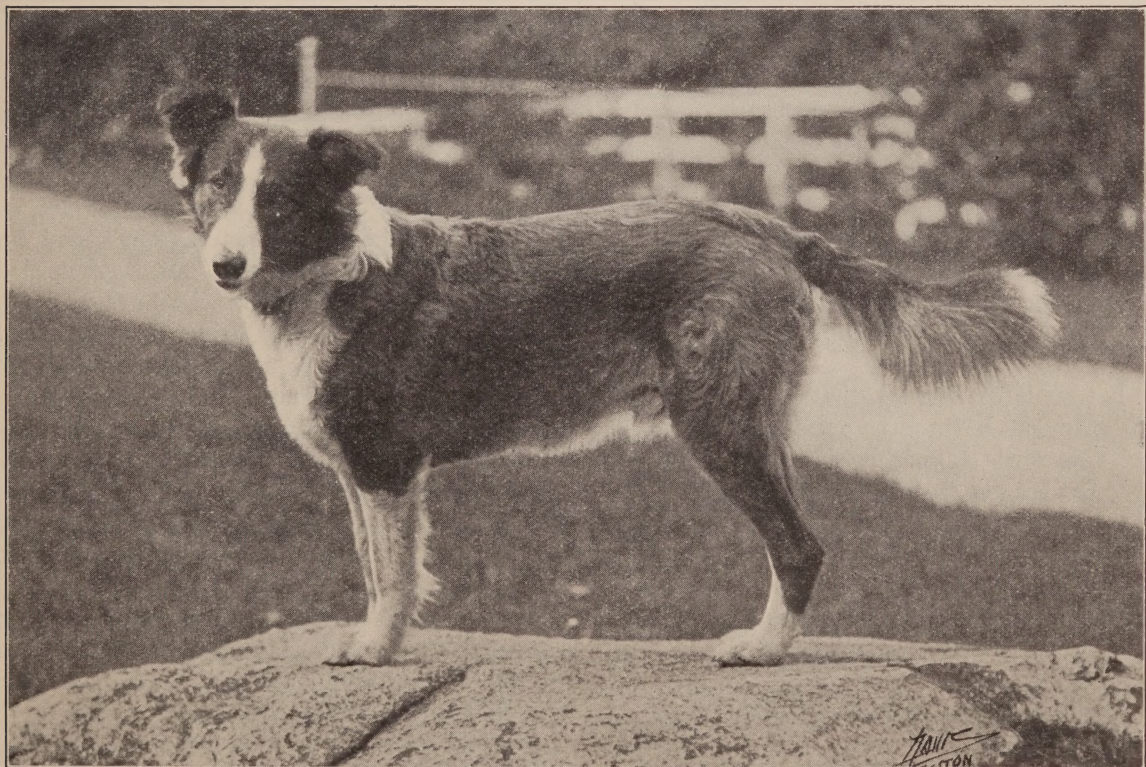
ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

Yearly Subscription: 75 Cents

To Foreign Countries: \$1.00

*Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 27, 1922*

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER



PAL.—A DOG AT PINE RIDGE, DEDHAM

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

This is to wish you all a Happy New Year and to thank you for the help you have given us in our attempt to care for these helpless creatures that God has committed to our keeping. We who are called the higher animals are responsible for the suffering that is inflicted on the lower animals and are bound in every way we can to study their welfare. We get much comfort from them. When you drink milk and eat butter and eggs, and perhaps beef and lamb, ask yourself what you have done in return for the comforts these fourfooted animals have given you. If you have done nothing, then you are indeed ungrateful and do not deserve to reap the benefit of their services or their lives.

A Prayer

Grant me the strength to meet to-day
 Whatever burdens I must bear,
 Let me be cheerful when I may
 Not magnify my bit of care.

Open my eyes that I may see
 The larger purpose of the plan,
 And when disaster threatens me,
 Lord, let me face it as a man.

Let me have vision so that I
 May see beyond the doubt and dread
 Tomorrow's smiling patch of sky,
 Let me not scorn the path I tread.

Let me behold the finished task—
 Not now, but in the years to be;
 Grant me the faith and strength, I ask,
 To bear its hardships willingly.

Lord, when I falter and am weak
 And difficulties bar my way,
 Hold up to me the goal I seek
 And let me see beyond today.

Lord, let me find in toilsome care,
 And bitter service to be done,
 In petty failure and despair,
 The larger glory to be won.

—Taken from a collection of clippings found in the papers of Huntington Smith.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of December the League received 2,893 cats, 1,311 dogs and 98 horses. We placed 113 dogs and 42 cats in good homes.

The Annual Fair is over and our friends are asking us every day, "How much did you make?" Our bills come in so slowly that we are not able to tell the net proceeds yet. We know that we did not make the \$12,000 we hoped to make. How near we have come to that we cannot tell. We got one new Active member, twenty-three Associate members, eight Junior members, and seven new subscribers to "Our Fourfooted Friends." In our donation box for the Horses' Christmas was put \$84.15.

As I have before said, the money we get for our special work for Christmas we spend for the horses in stables and on the streets that need our help, and to the drivers who have to stand around the market places Christmas Eve without any supper until they are chilled through we give coffee and doughnuts. The men have expressed themselves as very grateful to us and we are sure the horses would also if they could speak.

Our Horses' Christmas is not an advertising matter. It is a practical charity. I have been around with the men myself to make sure of it. We find many an old family horse, probably sold to be replaced by an automobile, in sales stables, livery stables, and obscure barns, where we know they are not well fed or well cared for, and that is the kind we are trying to help.

We had some articles left over from the Fair which we hoped we should sell. Among them were:

1. A large black lace mantilla, old but in perfect condition.

2. An old-fashioned coach umbrella, more than a century old. It was made to order in Liverpool for Elbridge Fisk of Beverly. The handle bears his name, and on it also the American Eagle is emblazoned with stars and stripes. The heavy whalebones insure safety to the bearer in any blizzard of such fury that he might *be bourne* aloft like a feather.

3. A number of pieces of valuable jewelry, among which are chain and cross of smoky topaz; a very heavy gold chain with a large piece of opal quartz; a hand wrought gold chain with a number of fire opal beads; a large handsome Roman cross about 250 years old on a chain over 200 years old; a gold cross set with pearls and an emerald on a gold chain, and numerous other pieces of jewelry such as rings, pins, stick pins, etc.

4. A large clock in the form of a dragon containing Swiss clock movement said to be worth at least \$75.00 for the works alone. This was donated by George Arliss, who also sent a large green French vase suitable for a base for a lamp.

We should be glad if some one would pass on this list to wealthy friends who might be glad to please themselves and to please us by a purchase. The books that we have left over we send to the Lend-a-Hand Society. Some of the less expensive articles are sent to places where persons not able to buy presents can make use of them.

As usual, our Fair was a pleasant occasion, but we missed several friends who have been earnest workers with us heretofore, but have gone from us either into other states or into the "Better Land."

We published several new leaflets this fall which we shall be glad to send to school or Sunday school teachers. Two or three are Christmas stories, but they may interest the children, though Christmas is over.

It is never too late to help us. It is difficult to tell when we need money the most. With nine Receiving Stations, every one of which is a little Animal Rescue League in itself, you can imagine we always need help, particularly as in these Stations there is not much local assis-

tance given us, though we get many suffering animals.

Our agent went to investigate a complaint that a cat was kept out-of-doors all the time regardless of weather. It was found that there was a good bed for the cat in a store where he slept at night, he was well fed, and apparently well cared for in every way.

A very curious accident happened to a cat. He caught his paw in a small opening in the floor of the house where he was kept and the owner could not release him. The cat was suffering very much. Mr. Caverly went to the house as soon as possible and by means of a strong chisel he took with him released the cat in a few minutes. He could hear the cat crying for a long time before he got into the house, he was in such pain.

A complaint came that two dogs were kept in a very small box and were unlicensed. They were both females of the police dog breed. The owner was told that she could not keep the dogs confined in that way and that she must have them licensed. The police were notified and the matter attended to.

Our agent went to investigate the case of a dog that was reported to be kept out-of-doors all the time without shelter. He found that the complaint was without reason, as the dog not only was not allowed to stay out all the time, only going out at intervals during the day, but there was a kennel in the yard where he could go in when he chose. The window of the woman who made the complaint overlooked the yard in such a way that she could not see the kennel, but when the matter was explained to her, her mind was at ease.

A kennel near the Everett Station has been complained of repeatedly and we have sent our agent there again and again. At last we think the proprietor has been stirred up. We had a very sad case brought in about two weeks ago of a dog that was bought at this kennel for \$5.00. It was too sad to relate and at once we deter-

mined we would keep a vigilant watch over this man and put a stop to his business unless there was a great improvement in conditions.

The police reported that a large female German police dog was acting strangely and they wanted our help in securing the dog. A policeman came to the League, took one of our agents and Mr. Caverly, our emergency man, to City Hall. The dog was frothing at the mouth and was in a highly nervous state, but Mr. Caverly succeeded in catching her by the collar and she was brought to the League in our ambulance. She could not be helped, however, and died the next day.

A report came from the Jamaica Plain police that a saddle horse had been struck by an automobile and badly injured. Mr. Caverly went to the place as quickly as possible, and finding the horse was fatally injured, without any loss of time put the animal to death. He found that he belonged to the Brookline Riding Club. Later in the day, the proprietor of the Club thanked the League, through the police captain, for the prompt work that had been done.

A complaint was sent in that a dog was badly treated in South Boston, but when our agent called the dog was asleep in a chair and seemed well cared for.

Two Policemen

I like policemen. When I was in London some years ago, I remember thinking what a wonderfully fine looking lot of men the English Bobbys were. When I came back to my own country, I took a look around and thought we had an equally fine lot over here.

One evening I was staying late at the office, as we had a good many extra things to do getting ready for our Annual Fair. Two policemen came in bringing a stray dog. They were not sure whether he had been hit by an auto or not, but said he was behaving rather strangely. They were a very polite pair of policemen. They said no one knew how much the force appreciated a place to which they could bring lost, and stray animals.—K. C. C.

A Little Act Worthy Of Mention

On November 25th a little lad came in to report two stray dogs that had been left out all night, one with a broken leg and the other he was sure could not live long. He said he had persuaded some one to stay with them while he came to the League and he was going back at once to stay with them himself until one of our men and the truck came to take the poor animals away.

Our Visitor From Far-Off India

The hands of the office clock almost touched twelve o'clock when the woman at the desk saw what appeared to be a whole crowd of people entering The League. Quite surprised, she asked if all were members of the same family, and learned that two branches of the same were represented. It seems they were in search of Cats—so to the Cattery they were marshalled. Their choice fell upon an all white pussy which they took away with them. There were a number of well grown up young people, a nice pair of women, and a gentleman of swarthy skin with the whitest of white teeth. He told us he was born and had resided for many years in far-off India. He said, "You know the cat is a sacred animal in India and they have hospitals for animals when they let human beings suffer without any help at all."

Two Boys and a Stray Dog

'Twas a dark, rainy day in November when two little boys, bearing a badly frightened puppy in their arms, appeared at the door. They were very polite little boys, for they doffed their caps at once and stood quietly at my desk until I had time to hear their story.

It seems that some children in their neighborhood had been abusing the little dog, and the mother of one of the boys paid the children a quarter to stop abusing the animal and then asked the lads to bring it to the League. We thanked them for their kindness and the trouble they took to bring the stray doggie here and we gave them some of our animal stories to read and take away with them, just as a small reward for a good deed done.—K. C. C.

Two Letters

I felt so touched by the following two letters that I thought I would like others to read what these two poor women, in trouble and in almost destitution themselves, did for their lesser brothers and sisters that were in want and need.

Wareham, Dec. 3, 1927.

I sent a box of small articles to you yesterday for your sale. I am a poor old lady, 72 yrs. old, here at the Poor Farm. I love the animals and wish I could do what I would like to for the dear creatures. I have rheumatism, and am a shut-in. The bean bags are the best I could do. Get 10c each for them. Children love them. I am not much good, have no one, no home, *had* to come here.—*Mrs. A. W.*

City Hospital, Boston, Dec. 11, 1927.

I inclose my "mite" (25 cents) for the Horses' Christmas. Am sorry not to be able to do more, but I am in the hospital flat on my back. I was nearly killed over two weeks ago by a taxi driver on Huntington Avenue. Do not know how long I have to be here, so today I decided to send my bit.

I wonder if you would be kind enough to send me several "Our Fourfooted Friends." All I can do is read and write to kill time now I am over the worst of my suffering, and believe me, it has been torture beyond words. Whatever you send I will pass along, after I read them, to the Children's Ward.

I am not a member of the League, but I contribute regularly and I am always bringing cats there, but I decided this fall that I would become a member New Year's, so when I get out of here I shall join.—*E. M. S.*

A Generous Friend of the League

One Saturday an interested visitor took home with her a coal black kitten so plump it almost seemed as though it would burst. She also took a lovely smoke colored angora cat and was so pleased with her two new possessions that she left us a check for \$25.00.

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

During the month the following animals have been received:

Industrial School, North Bennet Street...	82
Neighborhood House, 79 Moore Street, Cambridge.....	42
Roxbury Station, 17 Lambert Avenue....	90
Work Horse Relief Station, 109 Northampton Street.....	128
East Boston, 341 Meridian Street.....	184
Sheldon Branch, West Lynn, Neptune Street.....	570
Pine Ridge, Dedham.....	62
Medfield.....	20
Chelsea, 36 Fourth Street.....	704

1,882

FREE CLINIC
DR. WESLEY A. YOUNG

Clinic Report for November, 1927

Cases treated.....	747
Owners advised by telephone.....	601

INTERESTING CASES

Two boys employed by the Postal Telegraph Company came to the League one afternoon carrying a wet, muddy, mongrel dog that they had picked up in the gutter where someone apparently had left it after striking it with an automobile. Upon examination we found three broken legs, so of course the dog was immediately relieved of its suffering by putting it humanely to death. These boys made the remark that this was not their dog but that they could not bear to walk by the poor fellow and leave him lying in the gutter, broken and mangled.

One very cold rainy day our agent climbed a high tree and brought down a female kitten that had been in the tree several hours. She was

thoroughly soaked and was shivering with cold but after a good feed of warm milk and meat we placed her in front of the electric heater that we use to dry dogs after bathing, and in a very few moments she was contentedly purring and dressing her fur and seemed none the worse off for her experience.

A lady brought her young puppy to the Clinic with the report that it had just swallowed the baby's stocking. We administered an emetic and were successful in getting the stocking, which was about 15 inches in length. The following day the same puppy was brought back to the Clinic, this time having swallowed a handkerchief. Again we were successful in getting the handkerchief and after giving some direct advice to the owner the puppy was returned home and we hope that he will not be permitted to play with any object that he might swallow as he did the stocking and handkerchief.

Puppies very often in their play will pick up objects on the floor and swallow them, which oft times result in serious stomach disturbances.

Of course each month we get a great many injured animals and it seems like repetition to talk about it but the last month we have had 4 dogs brought in terribly mangled and another one with the eye torn from its head, all due to automobile accidents. Four of these accidents were caused by owners themselves, the other one by a neighbor. In all these cases the people said that they did not know the dog was near the automobile. It certainly behooves us all to know where our dog is before we start to drive away in our machines or to back out from the garage as all of these accidents happened on the owner's property and not in the street.

Sept. 23, 1927.

The kitten I received from the Animal Rescue League is eminently satisfactory, contented as no other kitten ever was, and growing by leaps and bounds. He now bears the cognomen of "Red." Thanking you for your continued interest in a happy kitten, I am, sincerely, a friend of the Animal Rescue League.—C. A. C.

From September 14 to November 4 our agent collected from the beaches the following number of animals:

	Dogs	Cats	Kittens
Nantasket	8	112	
Quincy	3	31	
Atlantic		1	
No. Weymouth		1	
Hough's Neck		6	3
Norfolk Downs		1	
Wollaston		2	
	11	154	3

Some of the cases looked after by Mr. Irwin, our agent on the Cape:

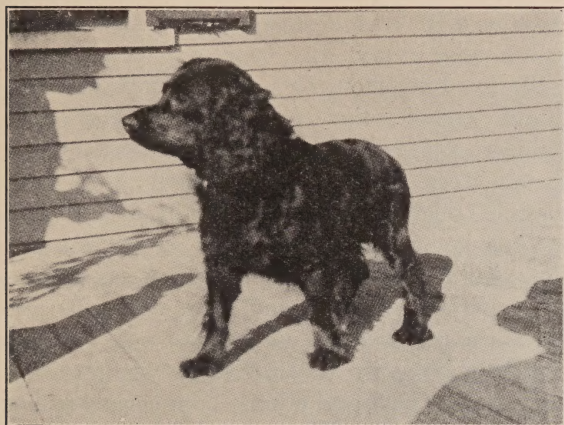
A dog was held in an old-fashioned trap with teeth for two or three days and was suffering agony when found by Mr. Irwin, who immediately put him to death.

Mr. Irwin found a calf, a sheep, and a goat in a shed which was in very bad condition. He fixed it the best he could and told the owner he must dispose of the animals or provide a better place for them.

Two pigs, a cow, and a horse were found in a small barn with a roof so leaky that when it rained the water came in badly. Mr. Irwin told the owner he must repair it and he will see that it is done.

A very old horse was put to death; also three dogs, four puppies, and five cats, that had been deserted and left to suffer until death released them.

Dear Mrs. Smith: I would set down a few memoranda that are betwixt love and praise of our little cocker spaniel, Dante II. I have often wondered about Dante I, another cocker, as I sort of scratched my head and chose this name for registration, and found he had a namesake. Well, to go on. Dante has an armchair which he monopolizes and considers his without question. He will try others, but knows full well when he is in the wrong place. We think he was badly frightened when shipped as a puppy, since he jumps at noises and is highly sensitive. He is also decidedly comical in his individuality, making friends seldom outside the family. His



senses are most acute and he delights in guarding the house, and raises quite a fuss over anyone at the door, except those belonging to the house, and will often bark till his mistress says, "It is all right." However, any person visiting is at once accepted by him. Dante II loves to motor and sits proudly on the front seat, and not only teases to go but makes elaborate preparations for doing so. He will sit in what we term "the barber chair" and have his hair brushed, his silky ears combed, and his face washed, and expects also a ribbon tied on his collar, till it would seem he was rather vain. At least, he knows when we say, "Dante is all ready," or "Doesn't he look nice?" His disposition is that of a thoroughbred, and never have we known him to snap or show anger toward those he loves. Although he likes to frolic with other dogs in the yard, he doesn't choose to have them on his piazza or too familiar, being very jealous and solicitous of all our attention.

We have a splendid tiger cat, who, from the first, showed the utmost chivalry toward the dog. What is more, the dog always respects the cat's dish and never disturbs his eating, but immediately he is done, he will investigate to see if there are a few bits. They also greet one another often at the door with noses together, a purr and a lap, and seem to appreciate each other's presence. They play together, too; the dog sometimes a little heavily, with an overly amount of pushing and mauling, but the cat will at times encourage play with his paws or by a race. Never have we seen the cat maliciously strike at the dog's eyes, yet Dante fears for his face and will back around

and pretend to sit, but not quite on the cat. All these things show the instinct of both.

Dante will go to the door if "go" or "walk" are heard, and knows the different meals, and likes to be honored by a chair. Milk, meat, cookies, candy, bone, and other words are recognized. As quick as the light goes out he will start for his bed. The mailman is looked for by him and he will always go out and bring in the paper. When we change our clothes, or make any pretense to go anywhere, Dante becomes very much excited, and will go from room to room, watching preparations, and is not content till we are all ready. He is cute, indeed, when he sits up or gives his paw, a form of begging for what he desires. In the morning he waits till his master is up, and won't go out till he goes, which means a tramp. His toys are an old stocking, to pull a tug-of-war with; a ball, and he is quite a proficient player. He will bring shoes, and knows there are two. Quite often he sits at the window and observes, and several names of people are familiar to him, as well as Peter, Buster, and Major, three dogs in the neighborhood. Every day he has a certain little program that I daresay he follows, and looks forward to, and is extremely active and happy, and a joy to all.—*N. L.*

A Mourning Dog

Lebanon, Va., Sept. 11—The devotion shown by Jack, a pointer bird dog, for his brother Mike, now dead nine months, has become throughout Southwest Virginia a classic story of a dog whose intelligence is almost that of a man's. Jack and Mike were born August 20, 1923.

Mike died December 1, 1926, when a sharp chicken bone punctured his stomach. Jack was present with his head hanging low at the burial in a field nearby. Since then, every day, for nine months now, Jack has gone to Mike's grave. He has to be called in to eat and to sleep in his kennel, but each morning and after every meal he returns to the grave—mourning for Mike.—*Buffalo Courier Express.*

Can you not get one new member or one subscriber for this magazine to begin with the new Year?

Gruff and Glum

"Tell us a story, Uncle John, one of your real splendid stories," said Percy Leavitt one winter evening to his uncle, who had just come for a short visit to his brother's house.

Uncle John looked thoughtfully down at the bright upturned faces of Percy and two of his young companions who had come in for the evening, and after a moment's pause he began:—

I will tell you a true story about myself. It is one I have never told you.

When I was a boy about your age, Percy, I was a thoughtless little chap. I often got into mischief, and I never stopped to think of any consequences.

My special companions were five boys who lived near me, two of them my cousins. We went to school together, we played together, we got into trouble together and out of it together, and I was their leader in everything.

On our way to school we passed every day a small grocery store on a very respectable street, kept by a man named Prentiss, and we found it tormented him very much to have us stop and play in front of his store. He used to come out and drive us away and threaten to call the police, and this, with boyish perversity, made us still more inclined to bother him. We named him old Gruff and Glum. We used sometimes to make errands in the store, and rush in all together, then stay as long as we could and make a great racket, until we were fairly driven out. Boys are very cruel sometimes in their thoughtless way, and make grown people a great deal more miserable than they realize.

One day we were running along to school and I said, "Come, boys, I've got ten cents; let's go into old Gruff and Glum's and get some peanuts and racket around, and see how mad he'll look."

Of course all the boys were ready for that, and in we rushed like a tornado, one whistling, another singing, and all stamping noisily. Mr. Prentiss waited on me as quickly as possible, and then began to hurry us out.

"Come, get out of this as quick as you can, you noisy young rascals! You're enough to

drive a man crazy. I won't have you make such a noise in my store. Get out, I say!"

We ran out, shouting and laughing, and had almost got to the school-house when Tom Dolbeare discovered he had left his arithmetic at the store, and he hurried back as fast as possible to get it. When he got back to school the bell had rung and we were just taking our seats, but he made some mysterious signals to me, as if he had something strange to tell. At recess we gathered about him in a quiet corner of the school yard and heard a most exciting story. Old Gruff and Glum, Tom declared, had a child shut up in the room back of the shop, for when he went back for the arithmetic he heard this child crying and screaming dreadfully, and old Gruff and Glum came out of the inner room, with his face as red as fire, and almost threw the arithmetic in Tom's face. He looked so wild and angry, Tom said he was afraid of him, and ran out of the store as fast as possible.

We listened to this strange story, as you may imagine, with eager interest, and very soon had it all settled in our minds that old Gruff and Glum hated boys so much that he had got one shut up where no one could interfere, and was keeping him a prisoner, and ill-treating him. We at once declared that this prisoner must be rescued, but the question was how to set about it.

"I'll tell my father to go and take him away," said Henry Greene, whose father was a lawyer.

"No," I said; "we must find out all about it ourselves first, and I think it would be a great deal better if we could rescue him all alone, without any help."

The bell rang. Recess was over, and we had to go back to our desks, but I am afraid not one of us six boys did much studying the rest of the morning. As for me, I made a great resolve; I would be a detective officer, and go and find out myself about the unfortunate child. Mr. Prentiss closed his store every day at one o'clock while he had his dinner, and opened it in about an hour. That would be my opportunity. Just before one we would all go in on an errand, and I would hide behind some barrels and boxes I had noticed near the door

of the inner room. The boys would go out and leave me, and I could very likely hear voices in the inner room, and so find out if old Gruff and Glum really had a prisoner there. It was a hazardous undertaking, for I might be discovered, but it was loudly applauded by the boys, who were very ready to do their part and make a confusion, during which I could hide, then be on hand again as soon as the store was open after the dinner hour to give me a chance to escape. We chose the next day because it would be Saturday, and we could have plenty of time.

When the hour at last arrived I confess I didn't feel much like the job, but it would never do to back out; I should at once lose my rank with the boys. We rushed in the store as I had planned. Old Gruff and Glum stormed worse than ever, as well he might, for the boys rather overdid the matter and made a truly abominable rumpus, during which I thought I heard the words "wicked! cruel!" from old Gruff and Glum, but I couldn't be sure,—there was too much noise to hear anything.

Well, I got into a snug hiding-place behind the barrels, and the boys trooped out. Of course old Gruff and Glum hadn't noticed whether there were five or six of us. I heard him close and bolt the street door, and I heard him groan once or twice as if he were in pain; then, as all was quiet, I thought I heard a groaning and crying from the inner room. Old Gruff and Glum went up to the door, opened it, and to my great satisfaction, left it open when he passed through. Yes, some one was certainly crying there; I could hear it quite plainly now, then I heard a voice which I never should have recognized as old Gruff and Glum's, it was so tender, so gentle, saying,—

"Oh, my poor child, those wicked, cruel boys have upset your head again, I am afraid; does it ache very badly?"

The cry broke into more violent sobs now, and between the sobs I heard the words: "I was just having a nap,—my pain was easier,—I think they will kill me yet. Can't you keep them out, father?"

"My dear boy," was the answer, "I wish

with all my heart I could. I have tried my best, but they grow worse every week. I think we must leave here and try to find a quiet spot where I can get some sort of business; I don't care what, if you can only have rest."

I could hear Mr. Prentiss (old Gruff and Glum no more) trying to soothe the weary, sick boy. I could hear the poor invalid, utterly upset by our wicked sport, fret and complain of everything his father set before him. He longed, he said, for some good home-made food; he was tired of everything in the store, and of everything from bake-shops. They were evidently alone, with no one but the father to care for the sick child,—a hard task, which we had been making doubly hard. Hot tears of shame and remorse ran down over my cheeks, and when I thought of the boys outside lying in wait to rush in again with their hideous noises and torture the poor sufferer in that inner room my heart sank within me. Oh, if I could only get out without another racket! Oh, if I could but prevent it in any way!

An imperative ring was heard at the store door, and Mr. Prentiss came out to answer it. A regular customer of his was in haste for some article, and could not wait for the sign to be taken down from the door.

When Mr. Prentiss went back to the inner room I noticed that he left the street door unbolted. Now was my time to escape and prevent the boys from seeking me there. I softly took off my shoes and crawling out from my hiding-place stole on tip-toe towards the door, still hearing the fretful voice complaining of pain and refusing to eat, and the patient, soothing replies of the father. I had the whole length of the store to go. If I could only reach the door before Mr. Prentiss came out again! That was my hope and my fear.

It seemed to me an age before I reached that door, but I suppose it was scarcely a minute. I opened and closed it very softly and stood on the sidewalk, my shoes in my hand. One moment only I paused. I saw the boys looking around the nearest corner on the opposite side, waiting to see Mr. Prentiss take down the sign, at which signal they were going to

rush in and relieve me. As soon as they saw me appear they started to meet me, but I motioned them back and flew around the corner where they were. Neither did I stop then, but continued my flight, the boys now in hot pursuit, until I reached a quiet court where we often met. As soon as they recovered breath they began to ply me with questions.

"What is it?" they cried in one breath. "What has happened? Has he hurt you? Did you see the prisoner?"

I stopped and put on my shoes while they were pouring out their questions; then I got up and looked them in the face.

"Boys," I said, "this is just the meanest scrape we ever got into. We have been fools,—and worse than that, we have been cruel. We, who have prided ourselves on never playing a trick that hurt anybody, or being cruel to a dog or a cat, or throwing stones at birds, or doing anything to injure any creature weaker than ourselves, have been torturing right along a poor sick boy."

"What do you mean?" cried the boys in chorus.

Then I told them the whole story, and when I said Mr. Prentiss thought he must give up his store and go away on our account, I fairly broke into a sob. Henry Greene said, "Oh, you get out!" but I noticed his eyes were full too, so I didn't care.

"What *shall* we *do*?" asked my cousin Tom, in a despairing tone.

"Why, go to mother, of course," I said. "She'll find some way to help us out, so the man won't go away. We should never forgive ourselves if we drove him off that way."

This was a decision the boys never questioned. They had become quite accustomed to carrying any point that puzzled us, or upon which we disagreed, to my mother. It was her loving counsel and her gentle but strong influence that kept us from many a wild prank we might otherwise have indulged in, for we knew that sooner or later we should surely confess to her. All the boys loved her, she was so kind and motherly to all.

We went at once to find her, for with me to resolve was to do. Perhaps if I had been

less quick to act I should not so often have fallen into disgrace.

It was a beautiful October day, just like summer, and we found mother seated on the veranda, a light, fleecy shawl over her shoulders and a book in her hand, looking the picture of peace and goodness. She saw us coming, and her quick eyes noticed that all was not well with us. We grouped ourselves about her chair, caps in hand, and I told her all the miserable story.

She said nothing at first, for my mother never spoke in haste. Our repentance and our grief were very evident to her, and she saw there was no need for words of blame. Her lovely face was very sad, and that was all we ever needed to increase our own remorse. After a moment's thought she said,—

"There is only one thing to do, my dear boys; that is to go at once to Mr. Prentiss and tell him how very sorry you are, and promise to do anything in your power to make up for your cruelty."

"But Auntie," said Tom, "I don't believe he will listen to us now; he will think we are making game of him, or getting ready to play some new trick."

"I have thought of that," said my mother, "and I will go with you."

You may well believe that suited us all amazingly. Mother went in the house and packed a little basket with nice chicken broth and delicate home-made rolls and blanc-mange. Then we set out, a serious procession.

When Mr. Prentiss saw our faces, which he had learned to dread, he started forward with an angry frown to prevent us from entering his store, but when he noticed that we were accompanied by a tall, graceful lady, with a winning smile that no one could possibly withstand, his angry look changed to one of surprise. Mother put her hand on my shoulder and with a tender pressure urged me forward, while my five companions stood just behind with their eyes bent upon their boots. My heart beat so fast I could seem to hear it, but I managed to say,—

"Sir, we have come to tell you we are very sorry that we have disturbed you so much,

and to promise we will never trouble you again."

"Why, that's the best news I've heard for many a day," answered Mr. Prentiss, holding out his hand to me. "I began to think you boys were going to drive me out of this. It wasn't for myself, you know, that I cared, only for my poor afflicted boy,—his head and his nerves are so weak he can't bear any unusual noise."

"We didn't know you had a boy until today," said Henry Greene, looking up with tears in his eyes.

"Didn't know it? Why, I was sure I told you the first time you made such a racket outside the store."

"Oh, I remember now," said Walter Graves. "I was nearest the door and I heard it, but I thought you just made it up to get us out of the way."

"I see," said Mr. Prentiss sadly, "I was too hasty myself. If I had been a little more patient I could have made you understand. I think I must ask your pardon too."

"Oh no!" we all cried, "It was our fault. We wouldn't stop to think, or to listen to you."

"Well, boys, I am glad to know you didn't mean to be cruel to my poor boy."

"What is the matter with him?" asked my mother.

"He fell two years ago, and I'm afraid," Mr. Prentiss said in a husky voice, "he will never walk again. That seemed to be the beginning of troubles, for his mother died shortly after, and I lost all my property. The doctor advised a warmer climate, so I came here and started this little store. It seemed to be the only thing I could do. My boy misses the care of a mother. I do the best I can for him, and as soon as I can afford it I shall have a good housekeeper to come and take care of him, but just now it is out of the question," he said with a sigh.

"You have seen a great deal of trouble, Mr. Prentiss," my mother said gently, "and it makes me still more unhappy to think you have had this last annoyance to endure, but you may be sure the boys are sincerely sorry, and it will never happen again. May I see your boy just a few moments?"

Mr. Prentiss took my mother into the inner room, and when he came out, after staying a few minutes to see how his boy received such an unusual event as a visitor, his face was so much brighter he looked ten years younger. For the first time we saw him smile, and a very pleasant smile he had. He put his hand on my head and said,—

"Boy, your mother is an angel. Look out you appreciate her. She is better than a doctor to my child."

Mother sent out word by Mr. Prentiss that we should not wait for her, but when she got home, an hour later, she found us all waiting there on the veranda to hear about her visit.

At first the boy was a little shy, but she soon won him over, then he confided in her freely. He let her heat the chicken broth, and he ate some of it, with one of the light biscuits, with relish. He was delighted with the roses my mother carried and he pointed with pride to a little garden his father had made in the back yard on purpose for him to look at, but it was so shut in by a high wooden fence the flowers didn't do very well. Mother found he was very fond of reading and of pictures, and she promised him some books; so this visit was the beginning of a series of visits which were divided amongst us boys, for he soon got accustomed to us and loved to have us go to see him, though we were very careful not to stay long enough to tire him. We read to him, told him of our games, and as he grew stronger (for he improved wonderfully after my mother took him in hand) he played quiet games with us. Other people, Mr. Prentiss's customers, got to know about him, and he had so many little gifts of books, pictures, and toys brought to him that his room became quite a museum and library.

His name was Oscar, and as soon as he was strong enough we seven formed ourselves into the "Oscar Club," and met every Saturday afternoon for an hour or two in his room.

Every morning we boys had a plan that one of us should leave, on the way to school, a little basket, called the "surprise basket," containing some home-made dish, something that Mr. Prentiss could not make himself, for

Oscar. It was our delight to arrange it with our own hands in the basket, and add a funny little note, or a few flowers or a picture we had cut out from some paper for Oscar to paste in his scrap-book, and Mr. Prentiss, while he protested against our doing so much, said he couldn't refuse it, for that "surprise basket" seemed to brighten up the whole day.

When summer came, mother begged Mr. Prentiss to allow her to take Oscar to our country farm for several months. Very reluctantly he consented. Oscar had invitations from the other boys, too, for we had all grown wonderfully fond of him, but he went with us. A doctor who was boarding at a hotel in the village became interested in his case, and attended him through the summer. The result was more than we had imagined, for by the end of the summer Oscar could walk quite well. We wrote to his father that he was greatly improved, but we thought we would give him a surprise, so we did not write that he could walk, and Mr. Prentiss almost fainted when he saw his invalid boy walking into the store.

That winter Oscar went to our school. We called for him every day, and kept him always with us, and were so anxious to take good care of him that we didn't have any time to get into mischief, and really grew into remarkably well-behaved boys.

"Did Oscar get quite well and strong?" asked Percy.

"Yes, he is as strong as I am today, and a very happy and prosperous man, devoted to his father, who lives with him. I often go to see them, and we laugh together over the time I hid behind the barrels to rescue a prisoner from Old Gruff and Glum."—*A. H. S.*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

I received your postal inquiring about the police dog No. 7966. My sister and I love him and he loves us and his home. He seems very contented and happy and has a good appetite. Our lot of land has 20,000 feet so he has a nice place to play. He minds pretty well now and we hope he will improve in that direction. His disposition is splendid and we are perfectly satisfied. We have named him Marco.—*M. E. B.*



Tiger came from South Carolina on the United Fruit boat, supposed to be part cat and part civet. He lived to be 18 years of age and spent the last week of his life roaming away for hours at a time during the day. One Sunday morning he went to the door and cried to get out and that was the last anyone has ever seen of Tiger.

My Fox Terrier

(In memory of our Little Bit, died Aug. 16, 1925.)

A little demon in defence,
Brave as a lion he;
I wish I had the courage
Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of home,
Unselfish as the sea;
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty,
No power could turn from me;
I wish I had a heart as true,
From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of faith,
Forgiveness, charity;
I wish I had his patience
And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life,
Whate'er the summons be;
I wish that I could face the world
With half his energy.

A little white fox-terrier,
In whose brown eyes I see
The windows of a faithful soul
Too large to live in me.

—*Anonymous.*

A talk given over the radio by our veterinarian, Dr. Wesley A. Young:

GOOD EVENING, CHILDREN

I want to talk to the hundreds of little boys and girls listening in tonight about animals and birds and I want to tell you something about them that you will be glad to know.

Some of the things I say will be good for your fathers and mothers to hear and you can ask them lots of questions about animals and what to do for them.

When you see a team of horses pulling a big wagon with a heavy load, just think, those horses have to pull heavy loads like that all day and they don't get paid for it. All they get is what their owners give them to eat and a stable to sleep in. Sometimes they are owned by poor people and then these poor old horses don't have enough to eat and they may have to sleep in a cold wet stable without any bedding. Just think how nice and warm you and I are in our houses and warm beds and what good food we have to eat. Horses often haul the coal or groceries to our homes for us. So we should always be very kind and good to them because they help us in so many different ways and they never ask for help.

If any of you children see a man whipping a horse or trying to make him pull a load too heavy for him, you must ask some man or a policeman to speak to the driver about being good to his horse.

No doubt every one of you children have a dog or cat, maybe both, in your home. My little girl has a big dog, a little dog, a cat, and a goat. You should always be careful not to do things to a dog or cat that might hurt them. Little puppies and kittens are very cute but they get tired of being played with sometimes and want to sleep or rest. Be careful not to hug or squeeze the little pup or kitten too tightly because you might hurt it and if it got sick and died then you would have no little pet and surely no boy or girl would want to be the cause of a helpless animal's death.

I remember one boy who brought his puppy to me with its back broken. This boy had dropped his pet from his shoulder to the floor and broke

its back. The boy was very sorry but he should have been more careful.

Sometimes dogs or cats bite or scratch when they are hurt. They cannot talk and tell us to quit when we do things they do not like so they bite to let us know we did wrong. None of us like to be bitten or scratched, neither does the cat like to have its tail stepped on or the dog have his ears pulled.

It hurts an animal just as much as it would you, to be kicked or hit with a stone or whip. If you see someone hurting an animal ask them to stop and tell them that animals have feelings just as we do. If you see a hungry animal, or a sick or injured one, take it to your local humane society or call them on the telephone. If you cannot do it alone, get some one to help you.

Birds build their nests in trees and bushes and that is their home. Here in this nest the little birds hatch and live until they can fly. Never tear down a bird's nest or take the eggs or little birds out as that is just like someone tearing down your home or taking you away from your father and mother. If any of you children know of a boy or girl that robs bird nests you go to them and tell them about the bird's home and how it is like his own home.

Every good and kind act you do makes you a better boy or girl. The finest people in the world are people that love animals and take good care of them.

An unusual case was that of a conscientious cat that killed a rat, and then adopted the offspring of this rat and nursed them together with her two kittens. It seems that this cat had had four kittens, and two of them had been taken away from her. This alarmed her for the safety of the other two, and she disappeared with them, hiding them under a pile of lumber. When her owner finally discovered her, she had replaced the two stolen kittens with some young rats whose eyes were not yet opened. A number of persons hearing of this unusual incident went to see the cat and her protégés.

"The man or woman who, in time of awful strain, has never known the solace of a dog, has missed a great thing in life."—*The Kingdom of Theophilus* by William J. Locke.

Humane workers throughout the country will be extremely sorry to hear of the death on December 10 of Mr. Henry Clay Preston, General Manager of the Connecticut Humane Society. Mr. Preston was well known for the splendid work he did for years for the welfare of children and animals. He went to Hartford in 1918, but before that time he had been doing excellent work in other parts of the country. The Hartford Daily Times writes of him:

"A manager and business man of rare parts, he, nevertheless, combined a sympathetic and understanding nature and a deep love of humane work, particularly of humane education not only in the schools but among people of all ages and in every line. He was also intensely interested in the codification of the laws governing prevention of cruelty and the statutes of Connecticut on this subject are a monument to his foresightedness and an example to other jurisdictions. Despite the necessarily controversial nature of his work, he had few enemies and a host of admirers and friends. State and city officials relied on his excellent judgment and advice in humane matters and he never failed them. His management of the society's financial affairs was businesslike and shrewd and it is believed that much of the great success of the annual appeal was due to a well-founded confidence in this regard. He gave to his board of directors an administration of high order and he demanded and received from his staff loyalty and entire devotion to the great cause to which his life was given. He will be long held in remembrance, his monument is everywhere visible and will endure."

Mr. Preston was very ably seconded in his humane work by his wife, Mrs. Stella J. Preston, who has been doing a great deal in the way of humane education in New York and New Jersey schools and has written many leaflets and articles on humane education of great value to humane workers. We extend to her our most sincere sympathy for her great loss, a loss which will be felt in all humane societies where Mr. Preston was known and beloved for his fine qualities and agreeable personality.

A Dog That Remembered

On the sunny side of West Elm Street in the city of Brockton, there lives a little dog—a Pomeranian—who tips the scales at about three pounds. She is very wise. You will say so, after you have read the following little incident.

This little dog is a much-traveled little creature. She is owned by Mr. M——, who always takes her on his long trips in summer. Next to being at home, Beauty enjoys the trip to Newfoundland, a journey she usually makes in June each year, the salmon fishing being at its height at this season.

There is much packing and unpacking in preparation for these journeys. Beauty has always been an interested observer of these activities, and later on she put some of these observations into practise.

The month passed all too quickly. The catch was the best ever. The season had finally come to a close, and there was the usual business of packing. The day before the departure for home, Mrs. M—— had observed that Beauty was very busy outside the camp digging holes in the ground. No more was thought about the matter, but the following morning Mrs. M——, having put the finishing touches to the lunch basket, went to the door to see that all the pieces of baggage had been locked and tied, ready to go in the boat, and was nonplused to find that Beauty was sitting close to the dunnage bags and basket, guarding a little heap of bones. Looking up to Mrs. M—— she said, as plainly as any intelligent dog could, "These belong with my baggage. Please put them in."

Mrs. M—— at first wondered where such a collection could have come from; then it occurred to her that this was the result of Beauty's busy day digging in the ground.

Could one ask for a better illustration of the intelligence and reasoning power of a dog?—*M. O. B.*

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Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$20 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Hancock 9170.

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The Animal Rescue League

15 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899

Administration Building Includes Kennels, Infirmary, Receiving Station for Small Animals and Educational Dep't.
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, *President*

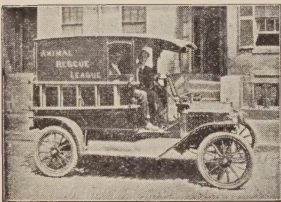
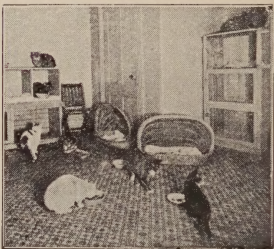
MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, *Secretary*

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, *Treasurer*

WORK OF THE YEAR 1926



We received and cared for:	
Cats	69,066
Dogs	15,021
Horses	805
Birds	829
Miscellaneous small animals	16
	85,737
Number of horses given vacations	18
Copies of humane literature distributed	87,689



A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 28 years

DR. W. A. YOUNG, *Veterinarian*

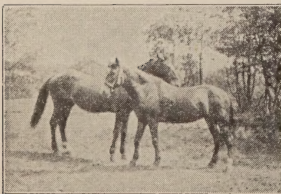
SEVEN MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND NINE AGENTS
are at work every week day collecting animals

Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	17 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
DEDHAM	PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS
EAST BOSTON	341a MERIDIAN STREET
WEST LYNN	4 NEPTUNE STREET
CHELSEA	36 FOURTH STREET



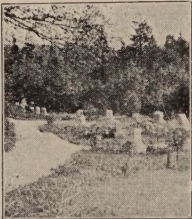
PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
238 Pine Street, Dedham



A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS
238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.